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SEVEN LAMPS OF MEDICINE

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN

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BY

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LECTURER ON FORENSIC MEDICINE AT THE SCHOOL

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THE SEVEN LAMPS OF MEDICINE.

MANY years ago I chanced to read an eloquent and suggestive book entitled 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture,' written by one of the most simple-minded and earnest of men. The lamps with which Mr. Ruskin sought to illumine his stony path were those of Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, and Obedience; and wonderful is the light they shed under his skilful management.

It has occurred to me that the path of the physician among the rocks and valleys, the swamps and thickets of his profession, is illumined by a radiant light shining more and more unto the perfect day; and that this light, like its prototype the sunlight, is separable into rays, each beautiful in itself and contributing to the perfection of the whole. These rays may be named Obedience, Thoroughness, Truth, Courage, Gentleness, Humility, Sacrifice. I do not pretend to see the whole spectrum, and to some of you it may be given to see the ultra-red and ultra-violet rays; but I will endeavour briefly to indicate to you their character and the sort of aid they offer by illuminating our onward and upward path.

Obedience first claims our attention; its flame must be fed with unremitting care, for only those who can cheerfully obey may safely command. 'Exactly in proportion to the majesty of things in the scale of being is the completeness of their obedience to the laws that are set over them.'

Many of you are this day commencing the preparation for your life-work ; and in the name of the School Council, of your professors, and of your fellow-students, I bid you heartily welcome. It is fair to suppose that women enter the profession of medicine from love, not from compulsion ; nor to fulfil, as do their brothers, a family tradition. Is it not likely, then, that the failings as well as the excellences of volunteers will be found among you ? Far be it from me to damp your ardour and to daunt your courage, but forewarned is forearmed, and among the shortcomings of volunteers is a lack of obedience, an impatience of discipline. The young soldier reads with flashing eye and beating heart of the brave deeds of old. He longs to charge with the Six Hundred, to lead the forlorn hope, or to perish nobly, the regimental colours to be his shroud. So too you, as enthusiastic students, long for the day when you may stand between the living and the dead to stay the plague with your sanitary knowledge, when you shall be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame ; but to the eager recruit come long weary days of training, of setting up drill, and of irksome obedience to orders he does not understand. To you come the prolonged scientific teaching, the dull formulae of Chemistry, the endless details of Anatomy, the mental gymnastics of *Materia Medica* ; and, worst of all to some ardent but undisciplined spirits, the necessity for self-restraint and humble submission to rules which seem to have little or nothing to do with your future work. As medical students you are no longer children, and may not unnaturally think yourselves competent to arrange your work to your own liking, to attend this course of lectures and to omit that ; to appear, or not to appear, at any given examination as seems best

in your judgment. You must, however, remember that in entering any community, working to attain a special object, you can only work easily and well by conforming to the regulations of that community. Laws may be modified or abrogated, but so long as they are in force the individual cannot neglect them with impunity. According to Ruskin, 'Obedience is indeed founded on a kind of freedom, else it would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that obedience may be more perfect; and thus while a measure of licence is necessary to exhibit the individual energies of things, the fairness and pleasantness and perfection of them all consist in their restraint. How would it answer, think you, if in a hive some bees framed octagonal and others hexagonal cells? You have indeed the right of private judgment, but that is displayed in consenting, or refusing, to enter a community, not in trying to live an independent life within its pale. Nothing is perfect in the present stage of history: communities, like individuals, must ever seek a higher degree of development; but this growth is of necessity by slow degrees, by the body as a whole, and not by the aberrant action of individual members. Having placed yourselves *in statu pupillari* you will best consult your own interests by a cheerful and intelligent acquiescence in the arrangements made for your benefit.

Thoroughness. The second lamp is that of Thoroughness—a most essential quality for a doctor, and one more conducive to success than are the most brilliant endowments. Napoleon said 'La génie c'est la persévérance,' and a well-known English statesman defined genius as 'an infinite capacity for taking pains.' Epigrammatic sayings are

seldom accurate, and few would be found to maintain that any amount of painstaking would enable an uncultured man to write like Milton or to paint like Raphael, but it is certain that nothing worth doing can be accomplished without diligence: 'What good gift have my brothers, but it came from search, and strife, and loving sacrifice?' asks Edwin Arnold; while Trousseau, in speaking to his class of the fame of the great doctors of France, demands of them, 'Do you suppose that they, and many others whose names are in the mouths of every one of you, could by the powerful gifts which nature bestowed on them have become princes of their art unless they had cultivated their natural powers at an early stage of their career? unless they had in early life greedily devoured the treasures of science which were spread out around them as they are spread out around you? unless, though wearied by, they had never been satiated with, labour; and had believed that they had no right to reserve for their own use the riches which they had acquired? Be this then your noble heritage. But, to secure it, toilsome exertions are required. Whilst you are yet young, and while you make your first essay in arms, let your fields be the Hospitals and Clinics; when your knowledge has increased, let the Hospitals and Clinics still be your fields; and let the Hospitals and Clinics still be your fields of industry after you have acquired all the scientific knowledge which we exact from you at the probationary examinations. By pursuing this plan you will attain expertness in the practice of your art, knowing what science teaches, and having within yourselves the power of originating.'

Trousseau said rightly that to secure our heritage toilsome exertions are required; and since the best work

is done in a methodical manner, it is well to acquire habits of thoroughness early in your medical training, if they be not yours already. Each term studies should be carefully planned—each day and each hour arranged to the best advantage. Circumstances may force you to vary the details, but the general plan must be respected as far as possible. Here the variety of individual character and taste legitimately appear; and while one student learns most by careful reading, another succeeds only by making a *précis*, while a third arranges the fruits of study in a tabular form. The exact method matters less than the painstaking, conscientious carrying into effect of the plan selected. In hospital work a definite form of case-taking is essential. In vain does Trousseau exhort you to make the hospitals and clinics your fields of industry, unless you carefully note what you see and hear, and subsequently read the classical accounts of the diseases you have observed. Nor is it on student life alone that the lamp of Thoroughness shines. Its ray illumines the stony path of the busy practitioner—without it success is impossible.

It is scarcely necessary to remind you that obtaining a qualification, far from marking the end of student days, is really the commencement of a higher education. To all practitioners, but especially to the newly-qualified, I would address the prayer, *Be students still!* Do not suppose that any magic is to be found in your final examination: for this ordeal, fiery though it be, is not the alchemist's crucible; it is but the assay of the mint!

‘The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for all that.’

Do not dream that the letters appended to your names

possess a charm whereby you will be endowed with wisdom and guided without trouble to success. Those of us who have worked hardest in our pregraduate days know best how small is our knowledge and how weak our strength. Probably the best work is done when the worry and anxiety of examinations are over ; and, in the comparative leisure of commencing practice, each case furnishes us with materials for study, it may be for original research.

Patients and their anxious friends are keen observers. They quickly detect an unbusinesslike or inefficient discharge of our duties, while they fully appreciate a quiet methodical manner, an easy familiarity in the use of our instruments, and the value to themselves of the notes which ought to be taken of their cases. Always examine your patients on some well-known plan—organ by organ, system by system—else some important point will be omitted. Take careful notes of every point, enter the outline of your treatment; record its results, or apparent results, and gum in the charts and diagrams that will make your record valuable. In the evening, or the first leisure time, read up the subject in the text-books; consult the best monographs, and think over the whole matter. Subsequently, if possible, discuss the case (of course suppressing names) with a friend. It is wonderful how clear a previously obscure case sometimes becomes in the endeavour to bring it before another mind ; wonderful, too, how much the formulating of our knowledge in words tends to show us both its strength and its weakness.

To be really thorough our profession must be to us a sort of religion ; a golden band binding together all our faculties. For the thorough physician there are no such ideas as are conveyed by the words *trifling* and *insignificant*.

Nothing can be small and of no consequence which concerns our patient's welfare or our own reputation. With this view we welcome art in our houses, and seek to make our waiting and consultation rooms as cheerful and attractive as our means permit. We cannot all have luxurious houses rich with rare china and valuable pictures ; but we can all secure an agreeable modulation of temperature and light ; we can charm the eye with flower and fern, and seek to enliven the tedium of the '*mauvais quart d'heure*' by providing books and papers. May I suggest that because we are women more attention to these details is very properly expected of us ; and that it is our duty to be as pleasant in our surroundings as possible. Our inmost selves find expression in our outward appearance ; and an orderly, beautiful, and well-cultivated mind will be evidenced by suitable, pretty, and well-fitting attire. No one would now commit the follies ascribed by Molière to his learned ladies ; but although the days of inky fingers are happily past, it is still well to remember that untidy hair and badly-fitting garments are signs of undesirable eccentricity, not of a superior mind. Pray do not suppose that I would urge the adoption by all ladies of the same model of clothing ; but in these days of art-fabrics and cunning workmanship, with a choice of style from Redfern's latest to a flowing drapery of presumably Grecian descent, it is difficult to see why we should allow an easy victory to those who contend that women's minds are so badly developed as to be capable of but one set of ideas, and that when we cultivate what scientific capabilities we may possess, we have not left sufficient nerve-power to maintain our old reputation for love of the beautiful, and ready sense of the fitness of things.

Another result of the thoroughness I advocate is a keen sense of the value of time, an unfailing punctuality. Unpunctuality is really a form of dishonesty, for by it we rob others of their time, which is their most valuable possession. The person who rises late for breakfast breaks the first appointment of the day, and loses a quarter of an hour which frequently frets the temper and spoils the work. Doctors are so liable to be detained by accidents they cannot control, that they should avoid making precise appointments except under special circumstances, but an appointment once made is a promise, and must be kept as such.

Truth. No ray in our spectrum is fairer than is Truth. The necessity for it meets us at every point of our environment. The first essential is that we ourselves should be incarnations of Truth. According to Browning—

‘Truth is within ourselves, it takes no rise
From outward things. Whate’er you may believe
There is an inmost centre in us all
Where truth abides in fulness.’

No doubt we all have some natural perception of truth, as is shown by the ease with which we sometimes detect her divine form, even when obscured by the mists of ignorance and falsehood ; but I rather believe that, as Ruskin says, ‘Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice. It is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be called trivial which permits the practice and formation of this habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation and penalty ; and it is a strange thought

how *many* men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune and life for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble.' We only do easily what we do habitually, and unless the habit of thinking, speaking, and acting truthfully is cultivated, we shall find ourselves untruthful against our will. It is not only that to be absolutely truthful demands a thoughtfulness and accuracy to which few accustom themselves, but we are all liable—and doctors more than most people—to be betrayed into an untruth. The demand for an opinion comes upon us so suddenly, the necessity for action is so urgent, that unless the path of the impulse towards truth is well worn it may not be followed. The difficulty comes to us in different guises, and affects each nature according to its own constitution.

To some doctors it is a most painful trial to tell a patient, or a patient's friends, the truth when it is unpleasant. The very tenderness of heart and ability to feel with, as well as for, others that in some respects enhance the value of a keen insight and an adequate knowledge, enhance also the difficulty of plain speaking. Thus:—we are called to see a little child, the parents complain only of a certain languor, a trifling irritability, and want of appetite, which they attribute to the state of the weather or to indigestion. They probably apologise for the trouble they are giving, and perhaps plead that the loss of other children has made them fanciful. How painful it is under these circumstances to toll, as it were, their darling's knell! what an effort it costs to warn them of suspected brain disease! Yet this must be done; and while we avoid undue alarm in cases where the issue

is doubtful, and while performing our sad duty in the gentlest and most sympathetic manner, we must for our own sakes, as well as the parents', speak clearly.

Again: during the treatment of a case it may become evident that the patient's illness is caused, or aggravated, by alcoholism or some other error in the patient's self-management. Plain speaking is here the clearest duty: no doubt it is unpleasant; no doubt we must be prepared for the patient to seek another adviser; but the truth abiding in her inmost heart will acknowledge the justice of our accusation; and in many instances the doctor is more respected, and even beloved, for having discovered and declared the truth.

Another view of truth as our guiding lamp is the consideration of the perfect truth which must characterize our actions. Ruskin continues: 'It is surely becoming an honourable man to resolve that whatever semblances and fallacies the necessary course of his life may compel him to bear, or to believe, none shall disturb the serenity of his voluntary actions, nor diminish the reality of his chosen delights.'

Among the resemblances and fallacies we must avoid are those of appearing to do what we are not doing, and of seeming to know that of which we are ignorant. It is possible to continue a line of treatment after we are convinced that it is useless, and so to answer questions as to veil our ignorance under an assumption of knowledge. It is almost an insult for me to tell you that all deviations from the truth are wrong; and that, like all other sins, they bear within themselves the seeds of their own punishment.

Never be afraid to say 'I do not know.' No human being

can be fairly expected to know everything. Omnipotence might as well be sought as omniscience. You will not be isolated in your honesty. Sir William Gull told me that he was always ready to confess his ignorance, and to patient and brother alike he frequently said 'I do not know.'

Apart from the ethical and moral view, a fearless truthfulness renders our work comparatively easy and painless. No one expects us to cure diseases that are by common consent incurable; but if from lack of courage we give our patients, or their friends, to understand that the ailment is slight, they will be justly aggrieved that we fail to cure the cancer or to restore the lost functions of an injured brain. Having carefully expressed, and in some cases explained, our opinions to the responsible member of the patient's household, our efforts at assuaging pain and prolonging life will be appreciated.

While on this subject permit me to warn you against dogmatically affirming that of which you are uncertain—a clear offence against truth, and against communicating an unnecessarily depressing opinion. We constantly see men and women who have been told that their days are numbered, or who have been warned against incurring this or that risk under penalty of death. In many instances these gloomy predictions have been happily falsified, and the patient naturally loses all faith in the prophet who has ventured beyond the bounds of knowledge and of common sense. To sum up all—

'To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

Courage. Without the warming cheering ray of this lamp we shall stumble over the boulders, sink in the morasses,

and perhaps perish in the dark waters of despair. This is one of the qualities that the public greatly appreciate—the possession of which they desire in their doctor. There are two erroneous views prevalent:—first, that a doctor's courage is most tried in the performance of serious surgical operations, and second that women are deficient in this virtue. To me it seems that courage is most tried by the long continuance of adverse circumstances, by the failure of treatment, by the abnormal course a disease will sometimes run, and by the death of patients for whose recovery reasonable hopes had been entertained.

In the case of operations, as in all the concerns of life, knowledge is power; and the feeling of power contributes greatly to the calmness and dexterity with which it is performed. The nervousness from which all young operators suffer is to some extent an evidence of self-feeling, arising from an over-anxious desire to do well in the eyes of those around. The remedies are an accurate knowledge of what has to be done, of the accidents which may befall, and above all the custom of doing the operations. Our hands have to be specially trained to obey readily and easily the motor impulses; until, by long practice, the most delicate and complicated manipulations become almost automatic.

Courage is absolutely necessary in the moral treatment of our patients. We must have the heart to enforce the treatment and the discipline dictated by our reason. It cannot be a matter of indifference to the patient's welfare whether our orders are obeyed or disregarded. It is often necessary to treat patients as parents treat their children—first we must be quite sure what we want them to do, and then gently but firmly insist on their obedience. If the

patient will not carry out our directions, it is better for our own reputation, for our peace of mind, and for the patient's safety, to decline further responsibility. This course demands in many cases no ordinary courage, but we must be prepared for such troubles, and have the strength to enforce our orders or to resign the case. In the long run it will be seen that we acted wisely, and the reputation for ability and courage thus gained will in time repay us for the temporary worry and disappointment.

The second error, that women have not courage, needs little comment, for it is daily refuted, and facts are stronger than argument. Women are generally admitted to possess the valuable form of courage known as endurance, and we are credited by the poet with

‘The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.’

I hope this is true of many women, but it is impossible to insist too strongly on ample training and full qualification—impossible to reiterate too often that, since one only does well what one is accustomed to do, all women students, and women practitioners, should take every opportunity of turning theory into practice..

Courage is not only required in cases of great anxiety or sudden emergency, it is needed in everyday life. Other things being equal, the doctor with a pleasant face, bright manner, and cheerful word, will do the most good. Indeed, this quality of courage is, like that of mercy, twice blessed, and that which was at first an effort and cultivated for the sake of our patients, will, after a time, become the habit of the mind; and the bright cheerfulness, which becomes a doctor as the halo does a saint,

will be an emanation from within not a mere outward appendage.

Gentleness. Remember, dear sisters, that because you are women, and because you have cultivated your minds, developed your higher natures, and renounced ease, luxury, and this world's pleasant days, much is expected of you.

The men of our profession have justly won the reputation of being the most tender, unselfish, and gentle of their sex. Should not we then be most womanly women, refined, gracious and sympathetic ? for—

‘Courteous we must be towards the lowly,
To the weak and the sorrowful loving too.
We must be courageous, refined, and holy,
By nature exalted, and pure, and true.’

The profession of our choice brings us into contact with all that is most sorrowful, with all who most need sympathy; for—

‘Sorrow is
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move,
Not to be laid aside until we lay
Living aside, with all its changing states,
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
Being or doing.’

‘Oh suffering world !
Oh known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both—I see ! I feel !
The vastness of the agony of earth !
The vainness of its joys. The mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst.’

If we realise the truth of this, shall we not desire to lessen as far as possible the terrible load of human suffering ?

'The vastness of the agony of earth.' Who has the sad privilege of knowing this as well as the doctor? In the hour of suffering, in the dismay and sorrow that fill the house of mourning, conventionalities are laid aside, human nature appears without its robe of pride, and stricken hearts turn to the earthly representative of that Good Physician to whom none ever appealed in vain. Then is it our high mission to comfort and console; we cannot indeed reverse the laws of nature, we cannot cause the shadow to return on the dial of life; too often it is our duty to bid the mother prepare to resign her babe, to interpret to anguished ears that would fain misunderstand the language of 'the beautiful angel Death'; to communicate to the dying the last divine message, to bid them be of good cheer, that—

'There is no Death! what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath,
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call death!'

Nor is it in silent chambers of the dead alone that our gentleness and quickness of sympathy are needed. We must always be ready with pleasant chat and cheering word to wile away long hours of suffering and suspense. We must be able to put aside our own anxieties, fatigues, and even actual illness, to meet our patients with an ever-active intelligence and keen appreciation of their condition. The intense fellow-feeling that we may acquire if we will, not only confers on us an improved power of diagnosis, but also so influences our patients as to facilitate all measures taken for their relief. It is no uncommon thing for patients to say, 'The very sight of my doctor does me good.'

We must then be gentle in manner, words, and tone of

voice. No one would willingly be rough or brusque with the sick; but unless we remember how nervous and timid illness makes even the brave and resolute we have nothing whereby to measure and guide our conduct. We must not reserve our gentleness, courtesy, for those who seem very ill, and their friends. There are many conditions of mind and body in which the sufferer would fain have something definite the matter to account to himself and others for the vague weakness, the unrest and, above all, for the unnatural irritability. Half-frightened, and wholly ashamed by their want of strength and self-control, these patients are slow to seek advice and to tell the tale of their woes. They very truly need our help. Such states, undetected and unrelieved, are the frequent precursors of serious disease, but there is no task more difficult than to win the sufferer's confidence; and one rough word, nay, one unappreciative remark, suffices to check the half-made confidence. The tale cannot be told, and the last golden hope of bodily and mental health fades away into the darkness of despair.

Humility.—Do not shrink from walking in the light of this lamp. I am here to exhort you to the exercise of this lowly virtue whose name is derived from the earth itself. All things must descend deep if they are to ascend high. The awful but glorious iceberg, shining in the arctic sun, rears its cathedral-like form and heavenly brilliance but one third above the sapphire wave; two thirds are hidden, and what the splendid structure loses in height it gains in stability. The palm, waving its delicate fronds in the warm aether of the tropics, sends its stem as deep into mother earth as its slender column shoots towards the sun. For

vast edifices men lay deep foundations. For all work worthy of the name there must be long and arduous preparation. Before honour is humility.

True learning is well aware of its own deficiencies. We all know in what estimation Newton and other great men held their own attainments ; and whether we compare ourselves with the men of the past or of the present, with Harvey, Graves, and Trousseau, or with Burdon-Sanderson, Lister and Paget, we can but smile at our own tiny proportions. Humility well becomes us who know so little—and that little so imperfectly.

The vastness of the sciences upon the outskirts of which we are permitted to gaze confounds us. We stand like Moses on Pisgah's height, and enjoy but a fleeting vision of that glorious land.

‘ Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In early youth we tempt the height of arts,
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New boundless fields of endless science rise.’

We must not compare ourselves with ourselves, or we may be misled into the fatal belief that we may give thanks as did the Pharisee in the parable.

Consider for a moment how well this lamp can help us on our way. By walking in its light we shall avoid the censorious discourse, the self-complacency and conceit which strike us as spoiling the beauty of our neighbour's character. We shall be more ready to profit by the criticisms of others, and by our own failures and disappointments.

The prediction of the rejecting examiner, ‘ You will live to thank me for this,’ will be assuredly fulfilled if failure

leads us to a fairer valuation of ourselves as well as of our knowledge, to an earnest resolve to dig deep as well as to build high, above all to a life-long appreciation of the struggles of others and true sympathy with their failures.

Humility is an old-fashioned virtue, and people sometimes say, 'Ah well! I like a little proper pride!' So they do, in themselves, but in their fellow-man they prefer a sweet reasonableness, a quiet deference, and a forgetfulness of self. As those who announce themselves as the handmaids of science, and as sisters of sinful ignorant humanity, fling away, I pray you, your pride, and be clothed with humility.

Sacrifice. In conclusion, let me say a few words on the very crown and flower of our professional virtues, the secret spring of our actions, the brightest of our lamps. *Sacrifice.*—We are so strangely constituted that for anything to possess a high value in our eyes it must not only be valuable in itself but it must have been bought with a price. Labour, skill, love, nay even life itself, have been and are gladly given, by priest, physician, and missionary, in the service of the race; and the boons thus purchased are valued in proportion to the price paid. In all the relations of life we love people in proportion to what we suffer for them. Hence the devotion of nurse to nursling, of the strong to the weak, of doctor to patient. Does the child feel for its mother the intense and absorbing love she bears to it? The little child and the young adult do indeed feel a quiet, trustful love, which rises at times into gratitude; but to the mother, the child for whom she has faced the perils of maternity, for whom she has watched and prayed and fought the fight of life, is the

object of a solicitude and a devotion that none but herself can understand.

What then is the sacrifice demanded of you?—While you are students you must not only give up many of the pleasures and enjoyments of youth, contenting yourselves with plain living and high thinking, but you must renounce your own ways, your own ideas, and submit yourself to those who are for the time your official superiors; the probation is long and tedious, five or six of the best years of your life must be thus surrendered, and after all it is valueless unless you are a cheerful giver. The gift even of your lives is valueless unless offered more than willingly—enthusiastically at the altar of suffering humanity.

Do not consider your profession this day from a practical point of view; do not regard it as a means of earning a livelihood; do not desire the wealth or the prestige that fate may have in store for you. Heap all the riches of your nature, your woman's heart, your cultivated mind, your high ideal of a noble life on this sacred altar. Think,

‘If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of man,
And henceforth spent himself to search for truth
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hells, or hide in heavens,
Or hover unrevealed nigh unto all.
Surely at last! far off! sometime, somewhere
The veil would lift for his deep searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And death should find him conqueror of death.’

You owe this devotion to our pioneers, to those women who spent their money, their time, and their best energies

to secure to their younger sisters a recognised position and an academic career. Gratitude, nay common justice, demands that you should show your appreciation of the benefits they purchased for you. Compare your well-ordered curriculum, your invaluable hospital training, and your absence of care, with the grudging teaching and painfully snatched clinical work of such women as Mrs. Anderson, Miss Jex Blake, and Mrs. Thorne. After all, your student days are but the preparation; you are now developing that knowledge and those qualities which will make your lives valuable to your fellow creatures, as Trousseau told his class: 'Then (with qualification) will you begin that priesthood which will honour you and to which you will do honour. Then too will commence that life of sacrifice in which your days and nights will be the patrimony of your patients. You must resign yourselves to sow in devotion that which you must often reap in ingratitude; you must renounce the sweet pleasures of the family, and that repose so grateful after the toil of laborious occupation. You must know how to confront loathsomeness, mortification of spirit and dangers. You must not retreat before the menaces of death itself.' The mortifications of spirit of which this great master spoke are sure to come. No doctor but was misunderstood, misinterpreted, and unjustly condemned. You will be calumniated by those you have served to the best of your ability, reproached by the ignorant, and perhaps—most trying of all—you may be misunderstood by members of your own profession. Well, you must learn that this is a part of your sacrifice, and remember that the dews of blessing heaviest fall where cares fall too. Be of good cheer, the best and noblest of your patients, of the public,

and of your brethren, will bless you, appreciate you, and uphold you; only be true to yourselves, seek no earthly reward, seek to follow the leading of the Divine Light, and let the record of your professional life be one

‘Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days.
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.’



